

VIVID STORY IS TOLD OF LYNCHING OF LEO FRANK.

The full story of the abduction and hanging of Leo Frank by the Georgia mob has been given out, from an authoritative source, by the Associated Press. However, the informant will not be a witness in the investigation which will be begun in a few days. The cool deliberation of the mob is a thing to be wondered at, and the person who has given the story to the public insists that every move was made in as dignified a manner as possible, and the whole affair was conducted as nearly like a legal execution as circumstances would permit.

Seven automobiles left Marietta at different times during the afternoon before, carrying the "vigilance committee" composed of twenty-eight men. They reached the prison farm at Milledgeville about ten p. m., and after calling out the prison warden and superintendent from their homes, they handcuffed them and proceeded to the hospital ward, from which Leo Frank had not as yet been removed, suffering from the wound inflicted upon him sometime ago by a fellow prisoner. There they overpowered the guards, and proceeded to Frank's room as quietly as possible. He had heard the approach, but was not aware of the danger that threatened him. When they had reached him they coolly ordered him to go with them, and not to mind about his clothes. There was no look of terror on his face, no cry for protection as his captors applied handcuffs, and clad in nothing save a sleeping garment, he unresistingly permitted himself to be led away into the night, down the prison steps and on to his doom. It is strenuously denied that Frank was dragged down the steps, or that one member of the party helped carry him by the hair.

There was apparently no doubt in Frank's mind as to the meaning of this abduction, as he was lifted into one of the awaiting machines outside the prison farm. He was fully aware of the repeated threats that his "execution" would sooner or later take place. He sat in the machine with a member of the "committee" on either side, and throughout the ride of seven hours from the prison to Marietta, he maintained the same stoicism that characterized him throughout all his weary and desperate fight for life in the courts. The machines made an average of twenty miles an hour, with but one stop, when a punctured tire caused a delay of a few minutes.

Frank's hatless, white-clad figure, erect in the tonneau of the leading car, was in striking contrast to the sombre-hued men beside him. Although the roads were black and lonely, the glaring electric headlights of the cars following kept the first car brilliantly illuminated. The highways were deserted, however, and the farmhouses passed were dark.

Only Two Syllables Leave His Lips. During all this long journey only two syllables left Frank's lips. What his thoughts can never be known. The men who had determined that he should die left him alone with his meditations.

Soon after he had been placed in the automobile Frank was told he was being taken to his place of execution.

"The courts of Georgia have sentenced you to be hanged, and they never reversed that sentence. It has devolved upon us to carry out their decree."

Frank did not flinch. It was after the destination had been disclosed that he was asked:

"Is there anything you would like to say before your execution?"

At first there was no response, then slowly and perhaps painfully, the recently wounded man shook his head.

"No."

For a long time after this the only sound was that of the plunging automobiles. Frank again was permitted the seclusion of his thoughts.

Then he was asked if he had killed the Phagan girl, and the captors say he made no reply. This question was not repeated until near the journey's end, and again, it is said, there was no reply. The final interrogation was:

"Is there nothing you wish to say?"

"No."

These four questions were the sole light in the death car. As day approached the speed of the cars was increased. It was a full hour after dawn that the four cars drew up just below the gin house on the William Frye place, and stopped at the edge of an oak thicket.

Sees Death Near But Does Not Flinch. The door of the leading car was opened and Frank told to step out. He arose with the knowledge that death was near at hand, but did not falter. The big tree which so soon was to be his scaffold loomed large above the other oaks in the thicket, but Frank either did not see or attach any importance to it at first. He walked with firm steps between two of his captors, his eyes upon the ground.

"I love my wife and mother more than I do my life."

The words were uttered to himself rather than for any dramatic effect upon his hearers, but evidently Frank had been pondering that last question as to whether he had ought to say, and this was his answer.

A few moments later the noose had been placed about the tender neck and throat, a handkerchief had been tied loosely about his eyes, there was a pull, a tautening of hempen rope, and Frank's life was at an end.

It was half an hour after the "committee" had completed its "execution" that the dangling body was found, still warm.

Constipation Cured Overnight. A small dose of Po-Do-Lax tonight and you enjoy a full, free, easy bowel movement in the morning. No griping, for Po-Do-Lax is Podophyllum (May Apple) without the gripe. Po-Do-Lax corrects the cause of constipation by arousing the liver, increasing the flow of bile. Bile is nature's antiseptic in the bowels. Without a proper amount of bile, digestion is imperfect. No gas, no fermentation, no constipation. Don't be sick, nervous, irritable. Get a bottle of Po-Do-Lax from your druggist now and cure your constipation overnight.

SAVES DAUGHTER

Advice of Mother no Doubt Prevents Daughter's Untimely End.

Ready, Ky.—"I was not able to do anything for nearly six months," writes Mrs. Laura Bratcher, of this place, "and was down for three months."

I cannot tell you how I suffered with my head, and with nervousness and womanly troubles.

Our family doctor told my husband he could not do me any good, and he had to give it up. We tried another doctor, but he did not help me.

At last, my mother advised me to take Cardui, the woman's tonic. I thought it was no use for I was nearly dead and nothing seemed to do me any good. But I took eleven bottles, and now I am able to do all of my work and my own washing.

I think Cardui is the best medicine in the world. My weight has increased, and I look the picture of health.

If you suffer from any of the ailments peculiar to women, get a bottle of Cardui today. Delay is dangerous. We know it will help you, for it has helped so many thousands of other weak women in the past 50 years.

At all druggists.

Write to: Chattanooga Medicine Co., Ladies' Advisory Dept., Chattanooga, Tenn., for Special Advice on your case and 64-page book, "Home Treatment for Women," in plain wrapper. N.C. 122

QUERY COLUMN.

Try This On 'Em.

Some days ago we received a query as to the manner, time, etc., for planting winter oats, which query we had expected to turn over to the Editor upon his return. But the Editor's visit has been protracted to such length that we feel it our duty to wait longer as the season is getting late, and further delay may prove disastrous to our friend's crop of oats. So we will prescribe the following mode of procedure for his benefit, and for the benefit of others who may feel need of enlightenment along this line and at this time.

As the name, "Winter Oats" implies, this peculiar and rather unusual form of vegetation is to be planted and cultivated, strange to say, in the winter-time. To attain best results, the land should be plowed in September—not too deep, (from two to three feet will be sufficient), thoroughly inoculated, harrowed, raked, and finally worked over with a 19-tooth cultivator. (If you haven't one handy, borrow the Editor's.) The reason for putting the land in shape in September is, of course, due to the difficulty in plowing frozen ground, which would probably be the case if you waited until November or December. And then, too, horses often catch cold when worked at a plow in December, and are often laid up for the rest of the winter. If the land is too hard for easy plowing, dynamite. After the soil has been thoroughly worked, you may then set about procuring seed, etc., which can be had at all the leading drug stores or grocery stores. This seed should be sown thick—on hillsides, we should suggest about a quart of seed per acre and on level land about three pints. So, if you have ten acres to cultivate you should procure about three pecks of seed, to allow some for waste. Soak this seed in cold water for a month or so in a dark place, and about Dec. 15th, you may begin planting, after the seed has been thoroughly gone over and the faulty grains picked out. We neglected to state that the land should have been laid out in straight rows about two and a half feet apart. When you are ready for planting, put the seed in a large bucket or basket, which can be easily carried on your left arm, and proceed to the field. If the sun is shining, plant four to the hill, about three feet between the hills. Then, as the ground by this time (about Dec. 15th,) will probably be too hard to be moved with a plow, you may pile straw on the planted hills to cover them up and save them from the cold.

The Editor probably has another recipe for this kind of cultivation, and if you think the one above is too exacting, or requires too much of anything, you had better wait until the Editor returns, and he will gladly give you directions.

There is more Catarrh in this section of the country than all other diseases put together, and until the last few years was supposed to be incurable. For a great many years doctors pronounced it a local disease and prescribed local remedies, and by constantly failing to cure with local treatment, pronounced it incurable. Science has proven Catarrh to be a constitutional disease, and therefore requires constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, Ohio, is the only Constitutional cure on the market. It is taken internally. It acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. They offer one hundred dollars for any case it fails to cure. Send for circulars and testimonials.

Address: F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O. Sold by Druggists, 75c.

Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

He didn't Get It.

He was Scotch all right, was Sandy MacGregor, and had mislaid his wallet containing \$500 at the railway station. He telegraphed his loss to the railway station agent, and the wallet was kept until his return, a month later.

The finder, a young clerk, handed MacGregor the missing wallet and stood in an attitude of eager expectation. The Scot unhesitatingly counted his money and then looked long and suspiciously at the young clerk.

"Isn't it right you tampered the latter in bewilderment."

"Right! Right! It's right enough," said MacGregor, "but whurr's the north's interest?"—National Food Magazine.

Childrens Summer Colds.

It is wrong to neglect a cold at any time because it weakens the system and lays the sufferer open to attacks from other diseases. Wet feet, sudden changes in temperature and sleeping uncovered at night cause many children's colds in summer. Foley's Honey and Tar Compound gives sure and prompt relief.

In Dry Kentucky.

Nowadays a bar-room is a place in which you can buy chewing gum, chocolate candy, buttermilk, sweet corn, certain soda fountain drinks, and mineral water, and where sausage, hard-boiled eggs, roast beef, cheese, soup, and other necessities of life are given away. But a woman who has trusted you to lead her from the altar to the grave can not be persuaded that you went into the bar-room for any of those things.—Louisville Courier Journal.

A Letter From An Italian Officer.

(Correspondence Associated Press.)

The following letter was written from his deathbed by Lieutenant Col. Negrotto, one of the most popular Italian commanders, who fell mortally wounded when leading his men on the bank of the Isonzo. It is addressed to his little son:

"To you, Enzo, my son, at the moment of his quitting this life forever, this is the message and legacy your father bequeaths you:

"Be ever obedient and dutiful to your mother. She will now be alone in the world clinging to the name and to the memory of your father and has a right to find her consolation in you, our dear son.

"Be always and in all places, honest, hardworking and brave and proud of the name of an Italian. See that all you do helps to increase the power and glory of our people and tends to honor the unsung nation which I leave you as an heirloom.

"I close with a kiss. From your old father who has been very fond of you always."

The letter has been widely quoted in Italy as an example of patriotic devotion and fatherly affection. It has been read in hundreds of schools and churches, and committed to memory by thousands of Italians.

Postponing Old Age.

Overworked, weak or diseased kidneys make one feel old before middle age. Rheumatism, aches and pains; too free perspiration of strong odor and other symptoms are warnings that the kidneys need help. Foley kidney pills make the kidneys strong and active.

Found—A Lost Paradise!

(By Garrett P. Service.)

The legend of an original Paradise on this earth, from which man got himself excluded by his own greediness, turns up in a new and extremely charming form in the stories collected by Dr. W. C. Farabee, of the University of Pennsylvania, among the Wai-Wai Indians, whom he found dwelling in the Tumac-Humac range of mountains, on the border between Brazil and the Guianas, and remote from civilization that they knew nothing of white men.

Dr. Farabee believes that these Indians are the descendants of the Caribs and Arawaks whom the Spaniards encountered along the coast 400 years ago. They are exceedingly simple in their ways and tastes, and physically very handsome representatives of the human species, almost good enough in that regard, according to Dr. Farabee's description, to inhabit a new Garden of Eden.

They have no jewelry and no metals, and wear no more clothes than necessary. But they do make cloaks, aprons, headresses, etc., of home-woven cloth, decorated with the bright-colored feathers of tropical manna birds, which excites the admiration of the civilized visitor by their novelty and beauty. The women are described as resembling statues of polished bronze, of magnificent proportions, while the men are well made and intelligent looking.

If, as Dr. Farabee thinks, these Wai-Wai Indians, with their surrounding tribes, who resemble them in manners and appearance, represent a union of the remains of the ancient Caribs and Arawaks, then the peaceable character of the latter, who before the coming of the Spaniards, had been sadly harassed by the warlike Caribs, has prevailed in the blending. There are no wars among them now. They live on vegetables, fruit and game, grind cassava with roughly hewn granite millstones and obtain fire with sparks from stricken stones.

Spring is their mating time, as with birds, and then they put on their brilliant garments, gleaming with the most exquisite hues of scarlet, yellow and blue, and dance the "masheka," or "peanut vine dance." An imitation of the dance was picked up by the Indian tribes and carried down the Amazon, and this was the origin of the "Maxixe," a dance which came to America through Paris. In the place where it was invented this dance is a rite of the mating season, as symbolized by the bacchanic dances of the ancient Greeks.

The great mystery stories of universal humanity, the legends of a Paradise and a Deluge, have been found again by Dr. Farabee in this almost inaccessible part of the world. The Paradise story, as told by the Wai-Wais is in some respects more pleasing than the Hebrew account, used by Milton in his "Paradise Lost."

In the beginning, it says, the god Duvid, having made men and women, continued to feed them with his own hands, bringing them every day abundance of fruit and vegetables.

In their idleness, the men and women found nothing more interesting to do than to watch the other animals. Thus they discovered that these animals went off somewhere every morning and returned at night. Led by curiosity, they followed, and found a great tree which shed every day from its branches both fruit and vegetables, on which the animals fed.

"Here," they said, "is where Duvid gets our food. Henceforth let us come and help ourselves. Then we shall not have to thank him for it."

Accordingly, they told Duvid that he need not take the trouble to bring them food any longer, for they had found out where to get it for themselves.

"Very well," said the god, "but hereafter you will have to work for it. Tomorrow the tree shall be cut down, but to save you from starvation, I will give you a hint. Break off branches bearing each kind of fruit and plant them in the ground. Water and tend them carefully and they will flourish and continue to bear abundantly as long as you continue to labor."

They began to obey Duvid's instructions, but, becoming wearied, left off before they had taken from the tree more than a small number of the infinite variety of fruits that it bore. Fortunately, they got the cassava, but they have to work hard, not only to raise it, but to fit it for eating. The enormous stump of the great tree they say, still exists, in the midst of their country, in the form of a huge, steep-sided rock, rising high above the roof of the forests.

The Wai-Wais are described as a very childlike race, but this legend of theirs is full of adult wisdom and a keen knowledge of human nature. It depicts the consequences of idleness and too indulgent paternalism far more pointedly than the story in Genesis does, while altogether avoiding the unnecessary invention of the serpent as a tempter. The absence of sentence is also a notable feature.

Children Cry FOR FLETCHER'S CASTORIA

Brakeman Was Cured.

F. A. Wootsey, Jacksonville, Texas,

writes: "I was down with kidney trouble and rheumatism, had a backache all the time and was tired of living. I took Foley kidney pills and was thoroughly cured." Thousands have written similar letters. Foley kidney pills are tonic in effect and act promptly.

War Notes.

(The Times-Dispatch.)

As the Zeppelins are now working how long will it take them to clean up England? The population of England is estimated to be 34,500,000, and about 2,500,000 are on military duty and other service off the island. In the most recent Zepp. raid forty-six citizens were killed and wounded. On this basis there would have to be 605,652 raids to exterminate the race. You can figure it yourself if you don't believe it.

Latest bulletin from Turkey: The Sick Man of Europe is convalescing, and the allies who have been trying to keep him down are becoming infected with the disease.

It would take a hair-trigger recollection to name right off the bat who is the commander of the German army on the western front.

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Feb. 5

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You don't need to suffer those agonizing nerve pains in the face, head, arm, shoulders, chest and back. Just apply a few drops of soothing Sloan's Liniment; in a matter of a few minutes you will get much relief and comfort. Life and the world will look righter. Get a bottle today. 3 ounces for 25c., at all druggists. Rubs out without rubbing.

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In best grade, can both be had from the Mountain City Marble Co. and at a low price. Past satisfied customers prove that the work is a No. 1. High-class work and low price is our motto.

We handle all shades of marble and at prices to suit all.

Just drop me a card if you are in need of anything in that line and I am at your service. We also handle iron fencing.

J. Newton Rhudy Agent

TAZEWELL, VA.

FIRE

It comes when least expected and in the short space of one hour may wipe out the savings of a lifetime.

See that your insurance is in an established agency, and that the company whose policy you hold is a strong, reliable one.

The gigantic resources of our companies guarantee the liberal fulfillment of their obligations.

The Clinch Valley Insurance Agency, Inc., representing 28 companies, with assets of more than \$300,000,000.

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Two Common Summer Ailments.

Thousands of hay fever and asthma victims who are not able to go to the mountains and rest in Foley's Honey and Tar Compound. It allays the inflammation, soothes and heals raw and rasping bronchial tubes and helps to overcome the difficulty in breathing, and makes sound refreshing sleep possible.

People Ask Us

What is the best laxative? Years of experience in selling all kinds leads us to always recommend

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as the safest, surest and most satisfactory. Sold only by us, 10 cents.

JOHN E. JACKSON.

A Hero of Peace.

Warring Europe should halt its death-dealing activities for a moment and join with the rest of the world in paying tribute to Dr. Paul Ehrlich, discoverer of salvarsan and of diphtheria antitoxin and one of the benefactors of the race, who died on Friday at his home in Berlin.

Diphtheria antitoxin has transformed one of the most dreadful and fatal of all child diseases into one of the least menacing, and childhood and motherhood, by the beneficent influence of the German doctor's discovery, have been robbed of one of their worst terrors.

In the treatment of certain blood diseases, salvarsan is almost a specific. The good it has already accomplished, in the five short years since its discovery was announced, is nearly incalculable.

Dr. Ehrlich was a hero of peace. This war will produce none so worthy of the world's praise and gratitude.—Times-Dispatch.

A Harvard professor has written a book to prove that the United States is to blame for the European war. Harvard is to blame for having such a professor.—Times-Dispatch.

The Ice man.

He backs his wagon to our door. About the sleepy hour of four; Lets out a yell and then some more. This energetic iceman. There comes a rumble, then a crack. As something heavy hits our shack. And sends cold shivers up our back. A good aim has the iceman.

Just when a fellow's dreaming nice. He hears the warning cry of "ice!" Which makes him think about the price.

To settle with the iceman. Just when a fellow has forgot His troubles and has got a lot Of money for to buy a yacht— He hears the howling iceman.

He is a monarch in a way. Of all the things he can survey. He is a king what comes to stay— The high and mighty iceman. He is the gent that gets the dough. It matters not where he may go. For just one summertime or so, I'd like to be the iceman.

—Brooklyn Eagle.

Children Cry FOR FLETCHER'S CASTORIA

TRUSTEES' SALE.

I will offer at Public Sale at the saw mill site of D. H. Moore, now leased to other parties, two miles west of Pocahontas, on Haynes Branch, on lands of the Consolidated Coal Company, on Friday, the 3rd day of September, 1915, the following property:

One No. 61 Fick Saw Mill, No. 6387. One Champion Saw Dust Blower. One Log Turner, together with all other attachments to said mill.

The same being the property conveyed to me as Trustee to secure Fick Company, of Waynesboro, Pa., by deed dated the 2nd day of October, and year of 1913, and recorded in the Clerk's office of Tazewell County, in Deed Book No. 73, page 291.

Sale will commence at 9:30 o'clock a. m.

TERMS: CASH.

R. P. JOHNSON, Sub-Trustee.

IN THE CLERK'S OFFICE OF THE CIRCUIT COURT OF THE COUNTY OF TAZEWELL, ON THE 31st DAY OF JULY, 1915.

Georgia P. Reeder, Plaintiff, against

WALTER P. REEDER, Defendant.

The object of this suit is to obtain from the defendant, Walter P. Reeder, a divorce a mensa et thoro, and for a general release on the grounds of cruel and inhuman treatment.

And an affidavit having been made and filed that the defendant, Walter P. Reeder, is a non-resident of the State of Virginia, it is ordered that he do appear here within 15 days after due publication hereof, and do what may be necessary to protect his interest in this suit. And it is further ordered that a copy hereof be published once a week for four successive weeks in the Clinch Valley News, a newspaper published in the county of Tazewell, and that a copy be posted at the front door of the court-house of this county on or before the next succeeding sale day from the date hereof.

A Copy—Teste: C. W. GREEVER, Clerk.

RUSSELL S. RITZ, p. q. aug. 64

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HOWARD WINSTON, Registrar 5-14-3m University, Va.

ANNUAL OUTING.

Washington and Return via

Norfolk & Western Railway Tuesday, September 7, 1915.

Low round-trip tickets will be sold from Bristol, Bluefield, Winston-Salem, Roanoke and intermediate stations to Luray, inclusive. Train will leave Bluefield 6:45 a. m., \$6.00. Returning passengers for points beyond Roanoke will leave Washington 7:30 a. m., and for points on Shenandoah Valley Division to Roanoke will leave Washington 8:30 p. m., Sept. 9th., 1915.

Please see flyers or nearest N. & W. Rwy. agent for full information.

W. C. SAUNDERS, Gen. Passenger Agt.

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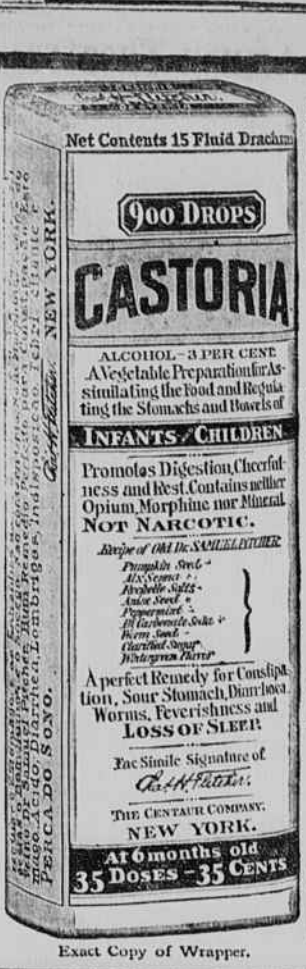
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New buildings, pure water, fine scenery and excellent health conditions. Great number and variety of courses offered. Each course leads to a Virginia Teacher's certificate.

Courses in domestic science, manual arts, etc. Free tuition to all those promising to teach.

Catalogue, booklet of views and full information sent on request to J. P. McCONNELL, President, East Radford, Va.

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